more curious than impressive; the Blackshirts made but a poor showing, notable rather for their capacity to stir up opposition than for their own numbers or prowess. One existed by virtue of the other. They were complementary, and in some cases, interchangeable.

If Sir Oswald Mosley announced a march to the East End at the head of his followers, it provided an occasion for clenched fists to be raised, mounted police to be called Cossacks, and Spanish Civil War slogans to be repeated—'They shall not pass!' Few there were who tried to pass; a thin black line of villains, reflecting in their strangely mixed attire their leader's fluctuating sympathies with Italian Fascism and German National Socialism.[20] Police escorted them, until hostile or curious spectators made it necessary to disperse them.

Similarly, if Communists assembled, it provided an occasion for arms to be uplifted, and perhaps some aspiring Horst Wessel to get himself rough-handled. Young men with beards sold the *Daily Worker* in the streets; novelists led their heroes by devious ways to solidarity with the toiling masses, and poets sang in *vers litres* the praises of the Soviet Union. The Film Society strenuously applauded the storming of the Winter Palace at Petrograd in the many versions of it presented; and the Unity Theatre was satirical to the delight of largely unproletarian audiences.

Fathers in clubs complained that their sons had become Communists at Oxford; and well brought up daughters suddenly announced, sometimes in the presence of servants, that they proposed henceforth to devote themselves wholly to the Class

War.

It was easy to recognise in Sir Oswald Mosley a Lilliputian Fuhrer, and to distinguish between the October Revolution and

[20] Latterly, Sir Oswald Mosley has tended to abandon his former advocacy of the Corporative State, and to base his poKcy and procedure almost exclusively on the Nazi model. His uniform, once solely Italian, has, or had on the last occasion he appeared in public wearing it, a strong Storm-Trooper admixture; on the armlet, instead of a Swastika, two marks suggestive of lightning flashes.